

fied altar, by the flame that was kindled in heaven. Hither the tribes of the Lord were to come with their offerings; and here God had promised to hear their prayers, and with the uplifted hands of the High Priest let the blessings of heaven fall upon their heads.

Approaching the city of Jerusalem with his sacrificial offerings, in the presence of its sacred charms, and the prospect of the favors and blessing of God, the devout Israelite was led to exclaim in the ecstasy of his soul:

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mt. Zion."

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem! Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." The joyfulness and the strength of the Israelite's faith rested not in the strength of the walls of the city, but in the strength of its divine appointment; and we should not forget that the great teacher has said: "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father;" "But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth:"—and, that Paul has written to the Hebrews: "But ye are come unto Mt. Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels. To the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." This is the Christian's sanctuary. And, as the altar sanctifies the gift, the poor, weak and imperfect life of fallen man, when laid on the altar of Christ's divinity, in "the true tabernacle," will be accepted of God; and will only be accepted there. Here, the moralist builds on sand. All the sacrifices on the side of the humanity, in Jesus himself, could only be acceptable with God, as they were sanctified on the altar of his divinity. As the Jewish altar was uplifted from the earth, which was cursed, so the divinity of Christ lifts him above the curse resting on fallen humanity; and sanctifies the offering of man. Here the fire of God's love is burning

the dross from off the human heart; and here the incense of devotion, alone, can ascend to heaven.

If the statesman has talent to mould a nation, or write upon its statute-books the destiny of his country, Paul beseeches him to lay that talent on the altar of Christ.

If a judge have abilities to restore the scales of justice and righteousness in our courts, Paul beseeches him. If the municipal authorities of corporations and cities have the means of purifying society, Paul beseeches them. If an attorney have the eloquence to plead for justice, he beseeches him. If a physician have the power to alleviate human suffering, he calls upon him. If a man have talent and means to conduct a business, the apostle pleads with him. And if any have the eloquence, in tongue or pen to advocate his truth, against error and superstition, the message of Paul is sent to him!

Here upon this altar, the widow's mite shall be weighed in the scales of heaven; and a cup of cold water, shall in nowise fail of its reward. Here the thoughts of joy and gratitude from the hearts of the ignorant that have been taught, and the widows and orphans that have been clothed and fed, shall rise as sweet incense on the ascending cloud. Here our sacrifices in a life of devotion to the good of fallen humanity, and in our social and domestic relations, shall be carried into heaven, as the sweet perfume of the blooming orchard in Spring is borne on the wings of the wind, and testifies of the coming harvest of fruit.

This is the altar to which Paul is calling us, in the sanctuary of God. In the language of the poet of Saxony our hearts would say:

"Now then O God! Thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame
Thou hast my spirit there display
Thy glory to the perfect day."

"Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill!
O, source of life! live, dwell and move
In me, till all my life be love!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe, thy righteousness!"

The Jewish altar in the holy city on earth has long since, been buried in the ruins of time; and its sacred fire has

ceased to burn, for 1800 years. The groans of its bleeding sacrifices live only in the imagination of the human heart, as in the silence of thought we linger on that sacred mountain. The city and its temple are in the grave of their ruins, and their glory has departed with the ascending smoke of the last sacrifice on its altar; but the people of God have been led to the heavenly Jerusalem. It stands not on the mount that can be touched with hands, but rests on the eternal hills of God; and within its sacred walls is the Christian's temple and altar. There, stained with the blood, drawn by the Roman's spear, it has stood the only solace of the human heart, for almost nineteen centuries. And here, in the deep stillness of the sacred communion of the Christian heart with God, He emancipates us from the bondage of fear and sorrow, while faith lifts a ladder to the skies, that angels may descend to earth, and God himself confirm his promises of grace.

Essays.

TURN A NEW LEAF.

BY G. W. RENCH.

Another year has come and gone. Its events are now history. The Recording Angel has written them in the great volume. Time cannot efface a single one. Tears can not blot them out nor joy hide them. Many are the eyes that have been bathed in tears. Tender cords have been severed. Prattling tongues have been hushed. Eyes that beamed and sparkled on last Christmas have been dimmed by death. Father's counsels are over. Mother's prayers heard no longer. Homes broken up and children made orphans. Poverty has come upon thousands. Instead of outbursts of joy because of presents we hear outbursts of sobs and sighings for bread. Children pleading for something to eat and mothers in anguish because they have not to give. Fathers spending their last cent for drink while wife and children are in rags and begging for bread. Could we but look into the homes of proud America today what a sight we would see.

But are there not many unsatisfactory things in the experience of all?